SUMMER HOMES OF ACTORS

Cottage Life Now Popular With Well to Do Players

Actors have recently discovered domesticity. They find it an admirable mental pose for summer. It has succeeded European travel as the method of passing the summer months. Hotels do not supply the proper background for this mood. They have too much of hotels during the winter months. They want to keep a house, have their own kitchen, and live through the warm weeks just as everyday people do.

There is not likely to be much of it anyhow. Seasons end late and begin early. Rehearsals usually bring them back to town long before other persons have thought of leaving their country homes. Thus, the actors make their domesticity intensive rather than extensive, and crowd as much of it as they can into the few midsummer days.

Maude Adams is perched during her weeks of rest on a high crag in the Catskills. She is in Onteora Park, an exclusive settlement, which even possesses gates to shut out the intrusive. Sometimes the intrusive make up parties at Tannersville and climb up to see Miss Adams's house. They are always chased back, however, before they put foot into the hallowed precincts. There is a watchman there for that purpose. Miss Adams's house is in the remotest part of Onteora Park, and there she is even free from the liability of inspection by her neighbors. None of them is likely to pass in front of her house unless they come especially to call on her. As few of them are acquainted with the actress, she is not often interrupted.

She bought her home in the mountains on account of a physician in whom she has much confidence. He lives there in the summer months and likes his patients to get the benefit of the climate he considers so wonderful. Miss Adams, who is treated daily by this physician when she is in New York, took his advice and prepares herself every summer for her long seasons by resting at Onteora and occasionally calling in her physician for treatment.

Miss Adams usually takes some woman friend with her as companion, and the two spend the summer in absolute quiet. The first floor of the cottage is so arranged that it may be thrown into one large room, and there the actress is able to arrange a stage and rehearse her plays.

In spite of her abandonment of all work in summer she frequently enjoys acting a scene from some play in which she has not appeared. When it was announced that she was to play *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," she learned the part in her summer cottage and frequently acted the scenes on the stage improvised in the large room.

The picture shown here was taken by a photographer who was collecting the sights of Onteora Park. Miss Adams heard of what he had done only after the photograph had been printed. She bought up all but the few that had already been sold and compelled the presumptuous taker of pictures to destroy the plates. No other actress ever penetrated the walled exclusiveness of Onteora, although Julia Marlowe has a summer home not far distant.

Long Island is more popular with actors than any other region near New York. John Drew owns the handsomest house of any member of the profession about here, and he is in no respect a member of an actors' colony. He is one of the moving figures in the life of Easthampton. He is the head of the Warditone Hunt Club, which follows a paper scent every Saturday afternoon in July and August, and he is the most popular man on the beach in the morning or at the club house in the afternoon. Miss Betsy Drew, who figures on theatre programmes, is the most popular girl in the younger set, and helps to make the Drew home the centre of life in Easthampton. It is a French Colonial house near the dunes, built by the late James Brown Lord. Mr. Drew is the only actor to settle in Easthampton, where property is high and society critical of whom it welcomes, but he has entertained many theatrical friends in his home.

Ethel Barrymore spends a part of every summer there and so do Jack and Lionel, Mr. Drew's two nephews, whom he supported and educated during their childhood. Lewis Baker, who died last year, always made his summer home with Mr. Drew.

On the piazza shown in the picture is Mrs. James Lewis, widow of James Lewis, who acted for so many years in Augustin Daly's company. The friendship between the Drews and Mrs. Lewis dates from the time when John Drew, a young actor in the Daly company, married Josephine Baker, a popular young actress of sentimental rôles.

Mrs. Drew left the stage after her marriage and never returned to it.

Mrs. Lewis continued her intimacy with the Drews after the death of her husband and they spend a great deal of time together, both here and at Easthampton. Like all actors' country homes, the Drew cottage has to close early, as both Louise Drew and her father begin their professional engagements late in August.

The home of Charles Bigelow, shown in the picture, is on the shore of Huntington Bay. Mr. Bigelow has not only the comfort of enjoying his own garden and stables, and living in a comfortable old colonial house, but he has the fastest twenty-five foot yacht in Huntington Harbor. Mr. Bigelow has owned his house for several years and takes a landlord's pride in adding some new feature every year. This season, as nothing remained to paint or varnish, and the house was in perfect order, he installed electric light.

Although there are horses in the stable and a launch and a sailboat at his pier, Mr. Bigelow felt that his resources for traffic were not yet sufficient; so he added a motor, which meant a garage. So the machine stands in its new home adjoining the two trotters.

"Charley built that place out of highballs," said one of his friends who was discussing it in the Saranac bar the other night. "Not out of the highballs he drank, but those he didn't. When the other men in the business were lined up against the bar in the afternoon, after the show, he would go home and save the five or ten that he would have blown in on booze. In that way he began to save enough to buy his Long Island home and later fix it up to suit him. Now he says he has no temptation to go anywhere else but home."

The call of the dunes fell on the ears of the actor about five years ago and he responded. That produced the settlement of playerfolk at Siasconsett. It is not as large this year as it was, but there are still enough rusticating mummers to give the place a distinctive character.

One of the most active members of the colony is Alice Fischer, who is Mrs. William Harcourt at Siasconsett.

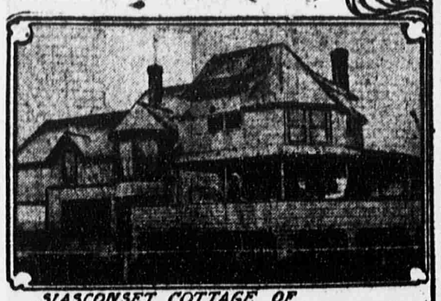
In spite of her identification with the place she does not live in one of the houses most characteristic of the colony. These are low, one story, rambling structures, modelled after the fishermen's cottages, because that architecture requires little wood, a commodity expensive on the island, and hard to get. It is in these houses that most of the actors have settled. Mrs. Harcourt, however, selected a more conventional house, which she shares with Grace Livingston Furniss. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt are on the balcony and with them is the other member of the family, Mrs. Harcourt's "Pekinese Pug," which is regarded as a very remarkable dog in the Siasconsett set.

William H. Thompson and his wife, Isabel Irving, Vincent Serrano, who is the golf and clothes champion of the place because Harry Woodruff has not yet arrived Bronson Howard, who has had his nephew, Bruce McRae, with him, and Henrietta Crosman are some of the colony's members.

Annie Russell, who used to be a regular visitor in the past, has deserted the colony since the death of old Mrs. Gilbert, with whom she used to spend much of her time there.

Mrs. Leslie Carter-Payne has for the last five years provided all that Shelter Island has enjoyed of an actors' colony. There she learned "Du Barry" and "Adrea," and there David Belasco coached her in every scene and episode of these two plays before the rehearsals began.

Visitors at Shelter Island saw little of the well known resident. She kept in her own house and rarely went beyond her own garden. Last summer she kept a boat and occasionally a sailing party interrupted the monotony of her life in summer.



SIASCONSET COTTAGE OF MR. & MRS. WM. HARCOURT (ALICE FISCHER)

MRS. LESLIE CARTER AT HER SHELTER ISLAND HOME

CHAS. A. BIGELOW'S SUMMER HOME HUNTINGTON, EAST NECK, L. I.

MAUDE ADAMS'S COTTAGE, ONTEORA PARK.

MISS DREW JOHN DREW MRS. DREW Copyright, 1906, by Byron, N.Y.

JOHN DREW'S COTTAGE AT EASTHAMPTON

DECLINE IN TABLE MANNERS.

A MATRON LAMENTS THE UP TO DATE RESTLESSNESS.

Restaurants She Blames for Hurried Eating, for the Lack of Conversation, for the Elbows on the Table Way of Sitting —The New Way Finds a Defender.

There is much talk in these days of the decay of manners, and it is probably more justified than a great deal of the sentiment which expresses itself in unfavorable comparison of the present with the past.

Certainly the styles in New York table manners have changed. It used to be one of the cardinal principles that it was bad manners for a woman to put her elbows on the table. Now it is a very smart posture at a dinner party, especially if the girl has pretty hands. Pretty rings constitute even a better excuse.

"I would have been sent from the table if I had dared sit like that," said a matron, glancing at the girl opposite her at a dinner party. "I was told that I must never put my elbows on the table whatever I did. Now my own child would think I was crazy if I told her anything so much opposed to the smart ways of girls to-day.

"I actually see women at formal dinners now pick up a cup of cold bouillon and rest their elbows on the table while they sip it. I suppose that shows how unconventional and natural they are, but I must confess to an old fashioned prejudice in the matter of table manners."

This woman's explanation of the present degeneracy in table manners was the increased use of restaurants by young women who never used to go to them. It happens to be true of the great world of society now that its members dine in public much more frequently than they formerly did.

"Restaurant manners," she explained, "are a distinct type of the degenerate fashions of the day. Some of the smartest men and women in New York dine three or four times a week in restaurants. It is usually before they go to the theatre or opera, and most of them are in a hurry.

"The restaurant eater soon becomes easily recognizable. There are unmistakable attributes. One of these is the national weakness for salt and pepper. The minute a dish is placed before him the restaurant eater begins to sprinkle it with salt or pepper. There is no preliminary tasting to see if it is all right. It's discouraging to a hostess who knows that her cook is a good one when she sees carefully seasoned food submitted to this treatment. The taste of the restaurant eater needs strong flavoring after a while, and it goes without saying that a good cook would never put in the ingredients plentifully enough. I feel rather complimented nowadays when my guests don't ask for tabasco sauce and sprinkle that condiment over all the dishes the way they do in restaurants.

"Then the restlessness of the habitual or very frequent restaurant diner betrays him. He has fallen into the habit of filling up intervals in the meal and can never sit quietly at the table without doing anything. He must either eat or drink every minute of the time. So he or she devours large quantities of bread, which they do not really desire, before the courses are brought or during dinner. Just this same habit of keeping at it all the time leads the restaurant diners to drink more wine than they ought to or really want.

"All these demoralizing effects of restaurant life, as it exists to-day, naturally have their influence on the home. Look at the formal dinners that are given to-day. They used to be the most delightful entertainments of the winter. There one had ample time for conversation and there was a real luxury in the repose and dignity of the evening.

"But what is a dinner to-day, whether it be here in the winter or at Newport in the summer? Thirty or forty people are put at a table and the dinner is handed out to them just as quickly as the servants can get it around in order that the evening may wind up with a variety show. Then there will be more to eat and drink, possibly dancing and then home.

"It may be a change for the worse, but there is little doubt that the present generation is much better satisfied with its own ways of entertainment than with those popular twenty years ago. Men as well as women find the ways of entertaining now in vogue much more to their taste."

"Of course, dining in restaurants is more popular now than it was years ago," came as the response of a younger woman, "when there were very few restaurants and people did not know enough to vary the monotony of going to them. In those days a dinner party was a long drawn out affair, with course after course of dishes that everybody was too full to eat, and half a dozen different kinds of wines, beginning with sherry and winding up 'way down at the other end of the menu with port. Nowadays people know too much about drinking to fill up their stomachs with a pousse café made of half a dozen kinds of wines. Who has forgotten the dinner of a decade ago? Sherry with the oysters or hors d'œuvres, white wine with the fish, claret with the entrées sprinkled in between, champagne with the salad, and burgundy with the game—all this to be topped off with port. People have learned enough about their health to keep away from such a barbecue.

"The food was just as deadly with alternations of more or less tasteless timbales, puddings and ices, until one reels at the thought of them. The present dinner is much more suited to the needs of our day, when young people are active, not necessarily restless from restaurant eating, and want to be up and doing.

"That dinners are shorter is hygienic and not to be deplored. Possibly we might be more healthful if most persons ate more slowly, but as it is they eat nowadays a great deal less than they did in those old days, and there is no reason why they should be at the table so long.

"Conversation may be a lost art. I don't intend to argue that point. Yet the men and women who go to the theatre after a despised restaurant dinner do not cease entirely to talk after they leave the table. Conversation—the modern and second rate kind, of course—continues all evening.

"As for table manners to-day, the difference will be found to be the same as in all manners. People are more natural. Women, for instance, no longer consider it necessary merely to play with food on the table before them. If they're hungry now they eat and they're not ashamed of it. They have outgrown the old 'prunes and prisms' manners.

"It is naturalness that is changing all kinds of manners, even those at the table. It is not the savage nature that existed before manners did, either. It is the kind of naturalness that rebels against foolish, old fashioned rules. As to the pepper and salt argument, I don't answer, except that I think people ought to be free to eat just what they want in the way it tastes best to them."

THE ENGLISHMAN WHO BUTTED IN.

Surprising Things Done by a Stranger—A Little Story of Real Life in Chicago.

The flat was in Chicago. They are young; the Norths are; have been married six years and have no children, no cats, no other boarder than the present writer, and no music box.

Mrs. North is little, has blue eyes and a great quantity of yellow hair, which she wears in style. Also she wears when she goes out a black velvet long coat suit and a large black toque with large red roses on the back of it and a blue tissue veil tied automobile fashion on it. At home she wears a black skirt with an innumerable array of small buttons at the placket which are never buttoned. Her feet are very small and her heels are very high, so that they topple her forward at every step.

She has a shrewd eye, doesn't intend to be imposed on, a shrewish temper when anybody "treads all over her," a kind heart, is devoted to "my popper," as she calls her husband, is an economical and pains taking housekeeper, and all in all is a sensible little woman with an eye for business and nothing mean or small about her. This little flat has five rooms in it, and as far as I have been able to find out is the only clean place in Chicago, for Chicago is the City of Dreadful Dirt.

Mr. North is rather small, a little stooped, not so blond as his wife, has a pair of honest straight up and down eyes, the face, manner and habits of a careful, orderly, steady, decent fellow. He wears good clothes and a stiff derby hat a little on one side. He doesn't waste much time in the bathroom, though he observes the Saturday night American custom with due regularity. He comes to the table in his shirt sleeves and is entirely frank in his conversation there about the state of his stomach, his pocketbook and his mind.

They both keep their medicine bottles on the dining room table, and they both discuss the effects of the medicine on them in every particular. There doesn't seem to be any reason why they shouldn't as far as they are concerned.

Mr. North calls his wife "Kid," a shortening of the "Yellow Kid"; she is so denominated on account of her diminutive size and her yellow hair. Yesterday morning at the breakfast table she said:

"He makes me miserable because he catches cold so easy."

At which the boarder looked her sympathy and to which "Popper" replied:

"Well, you know very well, Kid, that I will stick my feet out from under the cover if it's so cold that icicles form on every darn toe I've got. I just can't sleep with my trotters under the cover."

"I know it, dearie."

"All right, lambie, then don't bleat about it, and shy me a spoon over this way. I ain't supposed to stir my coffee with my finger."

All this in perfect good humor, for he thinks she's just about right and is as proud of her and as solicitous for her as if he were Sir Walter Raleigh and she were his soul's idol.

They both told the story of the boarder that they had several years ago. Mrs. North told the main story, and Mr. North every now and then put on the high lights or added a touch of color.

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Just about dark one winter afternoon Mrs. North's bell rang.

"I run down to the door with my cook apron on, opened it, and there stood a man with a suit case in one hand, holding out a card to me with the other hand. He was real good looking, light complected, and pleasant appearing. On the card was Albert Edward Bonnicastle, Nightingale lane, Shropshire, England.' That didn't mean nothing to me, and I says:

"'Well, what do you want?'

"And he says, taking his hat off and looking in it, and I must say this for him he had beautiful manners":

"'Madam, Mrs. North, I was sent to you by a friend of yours thinking you might be perhaps induced to take me to board. This is his name,' and he held me out another card with a name I never seen in my life written on it.

"I didn't know then but what it might be some friend of my Popper's, but I didn't want to take anybody to board; still, that man sure made a hit with me, and he went right on talking.

"'Don't turn me away, Mrs. North. It's an act of mercy to give shelter to a stranger in a strange land on a night like this. I'm going to say a very singular thing to you, but I believe you will be kind and that you will believe I am telling you the truth and my word when I give it to you. I am without a penny in the world. Excuse me, I'll just put down my bag.'

"With that he set the suit case just inside the door—it wasn't any more a bag than it was a peck measure, but afterward he told me that was what they called it in England; and trunks they called boxes and baggage luggage. Well, anyway, he set down his bag and shut the entry door. I was standing with my hand on the door inside the hall, ready to shut it in his face if he got fresh, but he didn't; he went on to say:

"'Yes, Mrs. North, I am without a penny, but I am at work over there in the Northwestern Railway yard office as a draughtsman. They have taken me on trial for two weeks, and if I prove satisfactory they will give me regular work. I am arrived in this country only within the week and came immediately to your city of Chicago on landing in New York. I ask you in the name of humanity and charity to take me in on my honor as a gentleman.'

"He spoke so polite and proper that I could feel my sympathies knocking the props from under me. It sure was a hard luck story, and it was cold enough outdoors to freeze a hot time into cracked ice. When he seen me considering it he says:

"'Fancy [only he called it fawncy] yourself in London, madam, lost in an icy fog and knocking at my door for entrance, unknown to a human creature in the city, hungry, cold and without a penny! I would not refuse you shelter for the night at least.'

"I said 'Come on upstairs,' and I held the door open for him. I showed him in my spare bedchamber and went on back to the kitchen and I felt sorter like a fool that's done the right thing, but I had made up my mind; and when my mind's made up, enough said.

"When my Popper come home I caught hold of him by the shoulders and pushed him into our room, and I said:

"'Now, see here, don't you say a word, I've taken an Englishman to board without a cent of money; you come with me and take a look at him, and see what you think of him, and let him do the talking; but don't you say yes nor no, nor butt in on what I've done till to-morrow morning—for that man's going to sleep and eat here to-night, and that's all there is about it.'

"With that I hauls my Popper into the other room and said: 'This is my husband,' and went on out and put dinner on the table.

"He give Popper the same tale that he give me. I called 'em to come on to dinner, but before I could get that man set down, with a 'Beg pardon, madam,' he bounces into the bathroom and there he washed his face and combed his hair and actually took time to clean his finger nails, while Popper and me waited, neither one opening our beaks. When he come in all he said was, 'I was really so narsty, don't you know,' and I never said a word, and Popper said, 'Will you have meat and potatoes?' which I'm here to state he did.

"Well, the next morning Popper went with him around to the Northwestern yards and found out it wasn't no Irish dream about his having work; and the long and short of it was that man stayed at our house eating and sleeping, and my Popper paid his carfare and stood for his laundry bill, and paid for him a hair cut and to get shaved every other day for six weeks. You see, it was sorter like this: After we kept him a week we both of us really liked him, and he didn't have a cent, and if we'd turned him loose we never would get our money back and if we held onto him till after pay day, why Popper could make him cough up.

"He was sociably inclined and always seemed real pleased to talk. I never in all my life seen man, woman, child, or fish that stayed in the bathtub like he did. He washed himself to beat all."

"That's straight," said Mr. North, "By gosh, if I liked water that well I'd try to get a job to stand under that metal umbrella with that little necked baby in Garfield Park and let a stream of it squirt on me all the time, and if I thought I was that dirty I'd chug myself in the week's wash, get sent to the laundry and come back with the rough dry clothes."

"Yes," chimed in his wife, "he never set down to the table without washing his hands through six waters, and if Popper had 'a' planked down the cash I do believe that guy would 'a' shaved every day. He always 'arsked' if he could go in the 'bawth' and he called washing himself 'tubbing'—and Lord he 'tubbed' every night—every night. It certainly made a hit with me the way he did.

"He come home every night as regular as Popper did, never had a breath on him, didn't smoke, and I never heard him use a strong word. Sometimes when he was telling us something he'd say 'Eh Gad,' but that nobody could call strong; and look at the way my Popper flings language. I liked to hear him talk, myself, and so did Popper—didn't you dearie?" Popper said:

"He was a cusain' queer sort of chap, that guy was. Curious thing, he never would stay in the house alone. If the Kid and me went out he took his lid and went somewheres and stayed till we got back, or asked if he might go along; and gosh, he did a thing that may be etiquette in England but it ain't etiquette over here that I know of. If ever we had company he'd go in his room, slick up and come out and set down and entertain the whole shooting match.

"You'd 'a' thought it was his company and his house, and yet he didn't seem to be butting in not at all. He was quiet and well behaved, didn't pretend to be nothing and yet always had something to say.

"It knocked me off the Christmas tree the first time he done it. I looked at the Kid and she looked at me, but that dad burn son of a teacup just talked on. I've seen queer sights in old Chicago, but for a plum curiosity that Englisher took the cake! His breeches, Kid—do you remember them breeches of his? They was as wide at the bottom as they was at the top—it bangs me how he knew which end of 'em to get into and it wouldn't 'a' made a bit of difference in the way they looked."

"Yes," broke in his wife, "but they were good cloth, and his underwear was silk, and his pajamas—he didn't have but one pair—were just swell. I bet they cost him ten dollars if they cost him a cent—"

"I bet they didn't cost a cent—not him," said Popper.

"He mighty quick noticed the difference between his pants and the other men's, and borrowed money from Popper to get 'em fixed.

"My mamma and Hat—Hat's my best friend—kidded me all the time about my star boarder and said we'd wake up some morning dead, but we never. One day after he had been here four weeks, why he told my Popper that his wife was coming—yes, sir! That she would bring some money with her; that they hadn't paid him at the office, for the first two weeks was just a trial, and at the end of six weeks they'd pay him for a month.

"He had a telegram in his hand from his wife saying she would be in Chicago that night. Popper gave him carfare for himself and his wife, and told him how to get in to Chicago to meet the New York train. Well, it turns out he read the telegram wrong and it was the next night she was coming; so into the city he goes the next night again—my Popper's treat.

"I wasn't saying much about this time, but I was in the ring all right, and just waiting to see what sort of a somebody his wife would be. He had worked on my feelings to take him in, but I wasn't ready to have my feelings worked out of office hours; so I waited and kept still.

"She came. She had six trunks and not a cent of money that anybody with a patent microscope could see. I watched them trunks unloading, Popper paying the expressman, and I said to myself, 'I'll see what's in 'em before I squawk.'

"She was a pleasant appearing person, with a high color—not paint—and every rag of clothes she had was made of good material. They didn't look like Chicago clothes, and she didn't look like no American—her and her clothes looked foreign.

"She had a pink broadcloth and a opera cloak that made my eyes bulge out—I showed it to Hat one day—and lace and trimming on every single piece of underwear she had. I knew that when the day of reckoning come anyhow I'd have a pink broadcloth theatre suit and a opera cloak that would make old Hat green with envy; for I'm under size and could cut her dresses down to fit me as easy as not.

"She was as good natured a human as ever wore shoes, and we got on very well together. She was plenty outspoken about their affairs, and told me to come down on her husband pretty stiff and make him pay. She said her husband—he was her real husband, that was plain to be seen—she said he had forged somebody's name and had left London between days, and didn't have time to tell her where he was going, for he didn't know. He had written to her since he got to Chicago, but he didn't know she was coming till he got her telegram.

"She had sold some jewelry she had to buy passage on the steamer and her ticket, and she said he might just as well take care of her as not, that she was real fond of him, but he had been some trouble to her, owing to his not providing for her; but she didn't know as she could do any better, that all men were about the same. And I said, when you get down to brass tacks maybe they were, but I'd like to see the shape of the man that could marry me and not provide for me, and provide well, too.

"She said: 'Ah!'—she used to say 'Ah!' in a real pretty way; I liked her voice—'Ah! You American women are so bright! You know how to manage husbands and get all the good out of them. It's not so in England. Now, tell me, Mrs. North, do you bring your husband's slippers to him every night and put them on him?'

"I said: 'Umhunh! Not me; not so you could notice it!'

"She said: 'Do you take his coat and hat when he comes and hang them up? Do you put away his umbrella and cane?'

"I said: 'Nixey!'

"She said: 'Do you break his egg for him at breakfast, and unfold the paper and give it to him, and butter his muffin while he reads?'

"I said: 'Not if I know it.'

"She said: 'Do you help him undress when he gets ready to go to bed?'

"I said: 'If he's sick.'

"She said: 'Do you brush his clothes, get his bawth ready, clean his shoes and bring his shaving water to him?'

"I said: 'Here, I didn't answer an ad. in the want column when I got married. The man I married don't want no valley de chambray for a wife. No, of course I don't do none of those things. 'Most all American men are able bodied, and being married don't put 'em out of commission nor give 'em softening of the brain. Husbands ain't idiots as a rule.'

"'Ah! You American women! You're so bright, so bright, and so saucy'—she called it sarcy. 'I wish I could find out how much my husband's wages are and get him to give me money. But I'm going to learn. I'll learn if I stay in America!'

"Wouldn't that jar you! Wouldn't that cork you!

"I asked my Popper whereabouts he thought she got all them good clothes, and he said from all he could find out, which was nothing, she had been a sort of actress. She might 'a' been. She had real straight features and a pretty color. I didn't know where she got the clothes, but I knew I was going to sit on them trunks till it thundered if they didn't show the color of their money when pay day came.

"Do you know that man asked me to board the two of them for $* a week? 'For you can plainly see, Mrs. North,' says he, 'that my wife is a slight feeder, and as she occupies the same room as I do she can be but of very little extra expense; and we would much rather board with you than go to housekeeping.'

"What do you think of that?

"I told him I wasn't taking boarders for accommodation and that I couldn't keep them any longer at any price. They both seemed real grieved and insisted a good deal, but I'd had my little cupful and knew when I'd had enough. I had taken them in because, as Popper says, when a fellow's down on his luck that's the time to give him a boost; but I hadn't gone into the boosting business for steady keeps and I thought they better go while everything was pleasant.

"So, on payday Popper he goes by the office with my star boarder and when his name was signed on the payroll he give Popper the right change.

"Then he come on back and found the Chinaman that did his laundry on trust sitting on the steps. Popper had told the Chinesky that it was time to get in the procession, and do you know that poor yellow creature brought me a pound of real tea and a tea cup after that, he was so glad and astonished at my Popper for putting him on.

"Well, the Chinaman got his money, and they took their trunks and left. She gave me a tablecloth and silver spoon out of her things. She was real generous, and there wasn't a mean thing about her, nor him neither. He behaved like a perfect gentleman from first to last.

"I've never seen 'em since, except once I met her way down on Fortieth street. She said they lived down around there, and that she wanted to come and see me, but he never gave her a cent of carfare nor money for any purpose.

"It takes all sorts of men to make a world don't it? But my little Popper ain't never tried to train me to be a valley de chambray, and if I didn't get carfare he'd get a hair pulling, wouldn't you, Popper?"

"You bet I would! Come on and lay your lip on my mustache, darling, I got to go and hustle up a dollar so Popper's little kid can buy a megaphone to play with when Popper is late coming home at night, because he has to work so hard. Ta! Ta!"

Mrs. North began clearing off the table, saying:

"But, say, I could have made a swell suit out of that pink broadcloth, English wove—and looked like satin—Gee!"

Effect of Imagination.

From the London Evening Standard.

Our medical papers have just been telling us of still more wonderful cures of nonexistent maladies. Burke always fancied that he had something in his throat, and was held by some to have shortened his days by the drastic treatment to which he submitted himself for his imaginary obstruction.

What wonder, then, that a traveller in Abyssinia, seeing one of his native porters bitten by a serpent, should find the man writhing in agony and with every symptom of snake poisoning? The man must have his way, he really appeared poisoned. With Spartan courage he hacked off his hand with a knife, and though he lacked antiseptics, straightway recovered.

When the caravan came across a doctor the hero showed to the latter his mutilated stump and the serpent which had bitten him. The doctor applauded the courage and wisdom of the man, but confided to the latter's master that the mutilation need not have been undergone—the snake was harmless. Imagination had made the native believe himself almost poisoned unto death.

STRANGER IN HIS OWN CITY.

A New Yorker Spends Vacation at Home and Makes Discoveries.

A New Yorker who is spending his vacation in the city for the first time in twelve years has found a lot of interesting sights in his rambles.

"In a crowded district downtown," he says, "a six story building which extended from Cortlandt street to Dey street is being torn down. The north end of the structure is nearly razed. The roof of the entire structure has been removed.

"In the south end of the building, with a ceiling above to keep out sunshine or rain, a man has rented a small space for a few weeks in which he is making a livelihood from the sale of grindstones. Curiously enough he has quite a run of custom, so much so that he had to hire an assistant. Would you believe that there was a rage in New York for such an article?

"In Park place, where twelve years ago I was in business, knowing personally every concern in the block from Church street to Broadway, only one concern which I then knew now remains, and the store in which I made my first big money has been torn down. A skyscraper is towering on the site. I was a stranger where recently I knew every face.

"In Duane street, to which I removed from Park place, I hunted for an eating house where I used to take my luncheon. The building has been torn down and no one in the vicinity could tell me what had become of the caterer, although at the time of which I speak he was a sort of Delmonico on a small scale.

"In East Eleventh street ten years ago was a famous French café. I used to go there once a week for dinner.

"The house is still standing. The former occupant, who was a musician, has left the city, and is, so I was informed, a teacher in one of the conservatories of France. A laundry sign hangs above the door of the old house through which some noted people used to enter to get the best French meals in New York.

"In the old village of Greenwich, just below Ninth street, and not far from Tenth avenue, there was a summer garden where eleven years ago I used to go for a brand of wine I never had elsewhere, and where some old families used to gather on Saturday nights or Sundays to enjoy good meals and music. I could not quite locate the site. Not a man in that vicinity to-day knows such a place ever existed.

"A new set of people occupy the territory. If I had suddenly dropped from another planet I would not have been more of a stranger than when I wandered there in search of the place where I passed so many delightful evenings.

"I have been quite a traveller at intervals during the last ten years and I have frequently had occasion to criticise tourists who had the mania of gathering souvenirs. The other day I was in upper Ninth avenue. A crowd attracted my attention. I always follow the crowd.

"A thunderstorm had just passed over that part of the city. A bolt of lightning had shivered an old tree which was a landmark. The crowd was breaking off limbs and twigs as mementos. I got one, for under that very tree I used to spin tops when I was a boy.

"There is an enclosure between Amsterdam and West End avenues up in the Nineties. It used to be a picnic ground. A high fence is about the block. In one place is a cobbler. The front of the fence is a part of his shop.

"In another place, only a few feet distant, is a clothes cleaning shop. The fence forms one side of the place. The entrance is through the fence.

"Here I leave off. What changes I would find over on the East Side, every nook of which was known to me a dozen years ago, I cannot conceive. I would dread to investigate.

"The stranger in New York marvels and wonders at its vastness. It is just as wonderful to the citizen whose business confines him to a given quarter for a number of years. As my vacation at home draws to a close I feel that I am a stranger in my own city."